It may be there will be harme betweene them,
For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,
And being toucht,as hot as gunpowder:
And quickly will returne an iniury.
Go see there be no harme betweene them.

Enter Gower,Flewellen,and the Souldier.

Flew. Captain *Gower*,in the name of Iesu,
Come to his Maiestie,there is more good toward you,
Then you can dreame off.

Soul. Do you heare you sir? do you know this glouc?

Flew. I know the the glouc is a glouc.

Soul. Sir I know this,and thus I challenge it.

He strikes him.

Flew. Gode plut,and his.Captain *Gower* stand away:
Ile giue treason his due presently.

Enter the King,VVarwicke,Clarence,and Exeter.

Kin. How now,what is the matter?

Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
Here is the notablest peece of treason come to light,
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.
Here is a rascall,beggerly rascall,is strike the glouc,
Which your Maiestie tooke out of the helmet of *Alonson:*
And your Maiestie will beare me witnes,and testimony,
And auouchments,that this is the glouc.

Soul. And it please your Maiestie,that was my glouc.
He that I gaue it too in the night,
Promised me to weare it in his hat:
I promised to strike him if he did.
I met that Gentleman,with my glouc in his hat,
And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word.

Flew. Your Maiestie heares, vnder your Maiesties
Manhood, what a beggerly lowsie knaue it is.

Kin. Let me see thy glouc.Looke you,
This is the fellow of it.
It was I indeed you promised to strike.

And thou thou hast giuen me most bitter words.
How canst thou make vs amends?

Flew. Let his necke answere it,
If there be any marshals lawe in the worell.

Soul. My Liege,all offences come from the heart:
Neuer came any from mine to offend your Maiestie.
You appeard to me as a common man:
Witnesse the night,your garments,your lowlinesse,
And whatsoeuer you receiued vnder that habit,
I beseech your Maiestie impute it to your owne fault
And not mine.For your selfe came not like your selfe
Had you bene as you seemed,I had made no offence.
Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.

Kin. Vnckle,fill the glouc with crownes,
And giue it to the souldier.Weare it fellow,
As an honour in thy cap,till I do challenge it.
Giue him the crownes.Come Captaine *Flewellen,*
I must needs haue you friends.

Flew. By Iesus,the fellow hath mettall enough
In his belly.Harke you souldier,there is a shilling for y
And keep your selfe out of brawles & brables, & disse
And looke you,it shall be the better for you.

Soul. Ile none of your money sir,not I.

Flew. Why tis a good shilling man.
Why should you be queamish? Your shoes are not so
It will serue you to mend your shoes.

Kin. What men of sort are taken vnckle?

Exe. Charles Duke of *Orleance,* Nephew to the Ki
Iohn Duke of *Burbon,*and Lord *Bowchquall.*
Of other Lords and Barrons,Knights and Squiers,
Full fifteene hundred,besides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French,that in the field lyes slaine.
Of Nobles bearing bannersin the field,